CURRENT TOPICS.

BOSTON carries a debt of $43,000,000.

ENGLISH convicts earn from $10 to $15 yearly.

THE era of Abraham began October 1, B. C. 2016.

THE Hebrew figures place the date of the flood at B. C. 2340.

THERE is in North Carolina a post office named Troublesome.

DULUTH, by a census just finished, has a population of 52,646.

ICE will keep better with the blocks packed on edge than if laid flat.

THE Lindoo chronology extends to 6174 B. C.; Babylon, 6158 B. C.; China, 6157 B. C.

THE Boothbay (Me.) sardine factory is equipped to can half a million small herring daily.

THE Orthodox Jews date from the creation, which event they place in the year B. C. 3760.

A TRAP gun for burglars fatally shot Grocer Benjamin E. Cross, of Suffolk, Va., who set it.

JOHN JOHNSON, a Swede, was killed at Altoona, Pa., by a telephone pole falling upon him.

THE colored people of New York and Brooklyn are about to erect a hospital for their own race.

MORE than half the entire cultivated area of Great Britain is now occupied by permanent pasture.

THE strength of the average horse is estimated to be equal to that of seven and a half average men.

A CROW, the pet of a Belfast (Me.) family, has acquired the habit of attending church regularly.

JOHN DUNN, who has just died as a Zulu chief, leaves seventy coffee-colored children behind him.

THERE are three species of dog that never bark—the Australian native dog, that of Egypt, and the Persian desert dog.

A FISHERMAN at Clinton, Mo., recently caught a thirteen-foot water moccasin snake on a hook baited with a frog.

CHICAGO last year paid $6,334,333 for teachers' salaries in the public schools and $1,074,985 for new buildings and sites.

NO one is wholly worthless. A man's skeleton, nicely articulated, will sell for $40, while a woman's skeleton will bring $50.

MAARTEN MAARTENS shows wisdom in adopting a nom de plume. His real name is J. M. W. Vander Poorten-Schwartz.

BOSTON'S new census brings the population close up to the half-million mark. The gain in ten years has been above 100,000.

THE largest tombstone in the world, a rough block of granite, marks the last resting place of Henry Scarlet of Upson county, Ga.

TRAMPS arriving in Laramie are locked up in the city jail over night and hired out to ranchmen for haymaking in the morning.

FUNDS to move John Brown's fort from Chicago back to Harper's Ferry have been subscribed and the removal will take place soon.

GEORGE Q. CANNON is an accomplished linguist. His latest achievement is the translation of the entire book of Mormon into Hawaiian.

QUICKSILVER poured in a glass will not fill it to the brim, as it forms a convex surface, and is higher in the center than at the brim.

A GAME protective law just passed in Missouri provides severe punishment for any one convicted of killing a doe deer in the next five years.

IT will cost New York $5,000,000 this year to provide free education for the children, and $3,500,000 of the amount will go for teachers' salaries.

THE success of the Tennessee Centennial exposition is assured. There has been no trouble in securing the funds necessary to carry on the work.

ORION SPADE was killed at Rittman, O., by the explosion of a cartridge which had become caught in his gun, and which he was endeavoring to force out.

UNDERGROUND London contains 3,000 miles of sewers, 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, 4,500 miles of water mains, 3,200 miles of gas pipes, all definitely fixed.

MRS. O. W. CHAMBERLAIN, of Decatur, Mich., has a clock 120 years old, which ticks away as truthfully and tunefully as it did in revolutionary times.

GERMAN veterans decorated the graves of their fallen comrades in France with the German flag, but the colors were promptly removed by the French authorities.

DR. CONAN DOYLE is an extremely systematic man and pastes over his mantel piece a table of the principal things he intends to accomplish each half year.

COMPETENT authorities assert that the American-made silk hat is superior both in material and finish to any other hat of the kind in any part of the world.

THE Alabama lumber companies and turpentine distilleries who cut government timber are to be sued for the value of the trees, which is estimated at nearly $500,000.

CASHTON, Wis., has a cave about ten by fifteen and five feet high, in which snow and ice remain all the year round. The walls and floor are still covered with ice.

MRS. HELEN M. BARKER, one of the officers of the national W. C. T. U., enjoyed the privilege of having her baggage searched for liquors and cigars while in London

A NEW woman at Tulare, Cal., is running the engine for a lumber mill. She is manager of the whole mechanical outfit, and repairs the machine when necessary, as well as running it.

A CERTAIN Hanover (Mich.) man felt so jubilant over recently experiencing religion that he published a card in the county papers telling what a nasty, drunken brute he used to be and what a nice fellow he is at present.

MARSHAL OAKLEY, of Madison, Wis., allowed a prisoner to escape at Eau Claire. Mr. Oakley left the prisoner on the depot platform while he went to purchase a ticket. When he returned the man had disappeared.

A MOHAMMEDAN widow of Bombay started on a pilgrimage to Mecca recently, taking her jewelry with her After landing at Jeddah she was forced to marry a Turkish soldier whom she had never seen before and who disappeared in a couple of days with all her property.

CHARLES M. FOULKE, of Washington, has the finest collection of tapestry in the United States, if not in the world. He has spent a fortune in purchasing fine samples of tapestries of all eras, and in his collection are the magnificent pieces presented by Louis XIV. to the Barberini family.

THREE.

One! Two! Three!
Now where can the baby be?
Only the briefest while ago
We went into ecstasies over his "crow."
Then he was creeping about the floor,
And into our hearts he went all four!
If then we had lost him, what had we done
In the wonderful year of One!

One! Two! Three!
What a kidnaper Time can be!
He's stolen my little child away
That spoke my name but yesterday.
Take all that I have of silver and gold
And give me again little Two-Year-Old"—
Such reward I had offered to you, and to you,
In the beautiful year of Two!

One! Two! Three!
'Tis God's sweet mystery!
Time's not a thief, but a bringer of joy,
And has doubled my blessings in this dear boy.
Oh, give me to love him and do not refuse,
Kind Fortune, what's needed for stockings and shoes!
To love him in wisdom, that he may love me
Long years that may follow year Three!

—William S. Lord, in Chicago Record.

THE PRICE OF PEACE.

BY MRS. HENRY L. PRATT.

In all my travels, from Maine to Rhode Island, I've never come across a couple more unlike than what Mr. and Mis' Nims was.

Mr. Nims was one of these shut-up-to-himself men, and he'd glum 'round for days over some little matter that a word would 'a' set right if he'd only been plain-hearted.

Mis' Nims was all the other way—talk it out and done with it; a little hasty and imprudent, maybe, but she is well-meaning, Mis' Nims is, and as good a woman to neighbor with as I want to see.

I hev thought whether or no being of different persuasions didn't work to keep 'em apart. See, she was brought up an orthodox, and he favored the Methodists. She joined with him and laid out to do her part amongst 'em, but she never was to home with the Methodists.

Then, another thing, she hated a dog, and Mr. Nims must always have a great clumsy hulk, good for nothing but to bark and eat and lie around under foot, while Mis' Nims, she marn't have even a kitten, though she set everything by a cat. And so it went.

One day I stepped in to borrow Mis' Nims' cutting-board, and just as I got to the door I heard her say: "You ain't going to turn Charley in amongst my flowers, be ye?"

He didn't condescend any reply—not as I could hear.

"Now, Mr. Nims," says she, "he's stepped on my pansy-bed and broke off a dahlia a'ready. Ain't there any other place on this whole farm where you can put him? I don't want him here," says she.

Mr. Nims' countenance didn't change more than a wooden Indian.

"I do," says he. "There's a good batting of grass to be fed down, and I calculate to leave Charley here for a spell," says he. And he budged off as stiff as though he'd swallowed a a ramrod.

Mis' Nims didn't say a word more, but she gave that old dog a push that sent him out of doors with a yelp; and I didn't blame her a mite, nuther.

I brought the cutting-board back as they was a-settin' down to dinner, and Mis' Nims asked me to draw up to the table. She had an excellent dinner—Mis' Nims is an elegant cook—but not one identical word did he speak, only to ask if I'd have another potato.

She seemed chipper enough, but I see a shadow pass over her countenance when the old horse sneezed right under the window where her piney bed was, and the dog, that had got back under the table by that time, yopped out as though somebody had accidentally trod on his tail.

Mr. Nims was a great hand for raising colts, but she was a terrible scary creature; and I expect riding after half-broken colts has given her a fit of the newralogy many's the time.

He was dreadful set in his way—same as the general run of men air—and it was like fighting the east wind to try to move him out of it. Them two used to remind me of a pair of napajawed scissors that you can't cut with. Some might have put the heft of the blame on to her; and I s'pose she did nag him some, and flash out when she'd better have kep' still.

I run in one day to borrow a sleeve pattern, when I heard Mr. Nims speaking out kind o' gruff, and I halted, for I didn't wish to intrude. (I never wear squeaky shoes myself). I didn't find out what went before, but the first I heard was this:

"I can't please you," says he. (It beat me if he'd ever tried.) "You don't like my hired men, you ain't satisfied with my breed of cows, the color of the corn barn don't suit ye, and I'm thinking you'll be happier if we divide and separate. You've always thought more of your brother Asa than you do of me, and you can be free to go to him, so you'll be well fixed."

"Why, Mr. Nims!" I heard her kind o' gasp out, and I surmised by the sound that she let fall a teacup. I looked to hear her burst out in her quick way, and I'll warrant ye he supposed she'd flare up, and that would be the end on't. But she seemed dumfounded. By 'n' by she said, quite quiet:

"I'm sure Asa would be pleased to have me there. He misses Sarah Jane, and so do the children. There has to be somebody at the head to make things so. But what would you do, Elisha?"

I had to smile, for she scarcely ever called him Elisha.

"I can look out for myself," says he, and stalked off to the barn.

I went right in, and said I guessed I could tell what was in his mind. He was calculating to make a home for his mother, and get along they two together. Old lady Nims never was any too particular, and now she had the shaking palsy. So I could see Mis' Nims set right to thinking how things would go to wrack and ruin under such no management. She is an awful nice housekeeper herself, and set a great store by her things. She made an arrant up chamber pretty soon, and was gone quite a spell. When she came down her eyes were some red, but she stuffed it out and went on as matter-of-fact as the cows coming home.

"I've got to flax around," says she, "and get Elisha's new shirt done; and there's the pickle-vinegar needs scalding, and the brine, too. And I was laying out to put up a few more quinces. Elisha is very partial to quince sauce."

The next day I went over to offer my help, and she seemed glad to have me there. I guess she felt she must let out a little to somebody, and she knows I'm no hand to run and tell. She told me they were going to Squire Hosley's to get his help about a division of the property. She wanted to wait till after Monday, so she could get one more wash done, but Mr. Nims had laid out to begin cutting corn Monday; and Saturday suited his time best. Pretty soon she said: "I hope you'll look in and do what you can to see that Elisha is comfortable," says she.

I had my thoughts, but I kep' 'em to myself, and only said I should admire to do anything I could.

Then she hushed up and said no more.

Squire Hosley's wife is second cousin to me, and she had been after me to help about her sewing. So I thought I might as well go there Saturday as any day.

The squire's office is at one side of the house, with a door opening into the orchard and another door opening into a little back room. Mis' Hosley uses this for a sewing room. So there I was. I had set the door into the office on the jar—the room being so small and close.

It was still work that I was upon, mending stockings and the children's clothes, and I couldn't help but hear all that was said in the office.

Mr. Nims made the explanation of what they wanted, and said it was understood between them that he kep' the house and farm. I'll warrant ye! I knew he'd never yield an inch of his ground. He was a man who wanted all the land joining his, and to plant in your garden.

"The bed and table stuff is hers," said he.

"Oh, no, Elisha!" says she, "I don't consent to that. Sarah Jane had a good setting-out, and Asa's house is full. Besides, if I find I need more things I can make 'em, and your mother's eyesight plagues her. She can't do as she could once," she says.

"The bed and table furnishings are hers," Mr. Nims repeated. "What she didn't make she bought with her butter money."

"No, 'Lisha," Mis' Nims began; but Squire Hosley interrupted her. I see they was beginning to wear on his patience.

"Why not put the property in two piles and draw cuts, if you've no choice. That would be fair," says he.

I knew by the way I heard her snuff that Mis' Nims hadn't give up, though she said no more—not then; but from that they went on to wrangle over every stick of furniture. She should have no use for this, that and the other thing. An' no more wouldn't he.

I could hear the squire drum on the table, and I knew he was getting restless. Finally he made an end of the talk by saying: "Why not let Mr. Nims keep the downstairs furniture, and she take what is above? How would that do?"

Well, they demurred, each one being afraid the other would be cheated, but at last, seemingly, let it go, and worked their way on to the live stock.

"Three cows for her," says he. "Two will be full and plenty for me. She was always more for a dairy than what I was," he says.

"Why, 'Lisha, you are going to make beef of old Brindle," says she, "and that leaves only four."

"I've concluded not to beef her, she is such a favorite of yours," says he.

That was a great piece of news Mrs. Nims had felt awful cut up about having Brindle fatted and killed, for she called that cow the best for butter in the herd. But Mr. Nims appeared firm.

"And the pigs," he began. "I don't want any pigs! I've no use for 'em. What can I do with pigs down to Baker street?"

And she burst out crying. She had set a good deal by that litter of pigs, bringing 'em up by hand, as you might say, for the old mother died when they were eight days old.

After that it was still as death for a minute, then Squire Hosley spoke up.

"My good friends," says he, "if you can't agree about living apart, my best advice is that you agree to go on living together."

For a minute or two all was still again, and the old clock ticked up like the Day of Judgment. By 'n' by Mr Nims spoke rather low:

"What do you say, Louisy?"

"I was thinking whether we hadn't oughter drive over to your mother's and see how her cough is. I'm some worried about that cough," says she.

"I'm agreeable to that," says he.

As I was leaning forward, I caught sight through the crack of the door of him mopping up his face with his old red handkerchief; so I see he had felt it some. Squire Hosley, he said nothing.

Well, I made my way home middling early, and was keeping a watchout as they driv into the yard betwixt sundown and dark, and I see her stop and pat the yellow dog that was flopping his tail on the top step of the piazza. Old Bose was so tickled that he jumped 'round as graceful as a cow; and I knew by the looks of the back of Mr Nims' neck that he took it in. After awhile I made an arrant to carry over a dish of Dutch cheese, and there they were, eating their supper as cheerful as a basket of chips.

"Set up and have a cup o' tea," says she. "We've had quite a ride this afternoon," says she. "We've been to see Mother Nims, and Elisha drove 'round by the bridge. It is all of a mile further, but he knows how skittish I be about crossing the ferry in Uncle Seth's old scow. I'm silly, I s'pose. Elisha and I, we think mother is getting too old and feeble to live alone, and we have about persuaded her to break up and come to us."

She run on for a spell, but that was all she said concerning their arrangements. And—would you believe it?—from that day to this Mis' Nims has never opened her mouth to me on the subject, though she knows I never repeat. And now, to see them two jogging 'round together after old Charley, as content as ducks in a millpond, nobody mistrusts it took e'en'most a separation to unite them.

Nobody knows but me and the old squire. It won't get out from him—he is as close-mouthed as a fish. And I was never one to talk.—Outlook.

—The second war with Great Britain began June 18, 1812, and ended on February 17, 1815. It involved the enlistment of 471,622 volunteers and the service of 85,000 regulars, a total of 576,622.

—Old age seizes upon an ill-spent youth like fire upon a rotten house. It was rotten before and must have fallen of itself, so that it is only one ruin anticipating another.—South.

FARM AND GARDEN.

GOOD FOR EVERYBODY.

The Employment of Convict Labor in the Building of Roads.

Two subjects have been occupying public attention quite largely recently. They may be considered by some as closely related. At all events North Carolina and several other states have managed to unite them in a way that has led to the solution of the problems involved in both. One of these questions is that of good country roads. It has been occupying public attention from Maine to California, and with one voice the people have declared in favor of securing such roads at almost any cost. The reign of the bicycle is here, and that of the horseless carriage is believed to be coming, but good roads are an absolute necessity to the maintenance of both.

The other question referred to is that of convict labor. State legislatures, in the great majority of cases, yielding to the public clamor, have declared in no equivocal way that the product of the penitentiaries must not be placed in the market to compete with free labor, nor can it be used as an instrument wherewith to beat down the wages of the industrious and law-abiding workman.

How to observe these laws and yet prevent the penal institutions of the country from becoming a drain on the resources of the taxpayers is something prison authorities everywhere have been trying to find out. Some states have hit upon the plan of making the convicts provide what is universally wanted in the way of good roads, thus keeping them profitably employed without taking the bread out of the months of any who are dependent upon their day's labor for their sustenance.

A bulletin has been issued by the department of agriculture telling of recent experiments made in the employment of convict labor in road building in the states indicated. North Carolina, New York, Delaware and California have all tried the plan and all report it to be a success. In North Carolina the cost of maintaining the convicts while thus employed has been 24 cents for each convict per diem, while their labor has been worth from 50 to 75 cents a day. The general health of the convicts has improved since they were first employed on the roads. The warden of the state prison at Auburn, N. Y., heartily indorses the plan and estimates the cost of road making with convict labor at $800 a mile. In California the execution of the plan has been found to be good for the convicts, good for the roads and good for anybody who has occasion to use them.—Chicago Evening Post.

TREES ALONG ROADS.

Highway Adornment Is Sure to Follow Highway Improvement.

New interest seems to be centering about the good-roads movement. Probably this is due in some measure to the fact that bicycles are coming more and more into use. It is only a question of time until every public thoroughfare of any importance will be constructed, first, with a view to making it passable for bicycles and rubber-tired carriages, which are being introduced in every part of the country. Already, in some cities, more capital is invested in bicycles than in carriages or wagons, and the young men and women of the country are taking unto themselves wheels.

Another thing which will have considerable influence on the roads of the country is the branching out of the electric lines. These electric railways, which in a few years will connect the important towns of the country, will carry a great deal of the farmers' produce into the towns, so that there will not then be the same occasion for heavy traffic that there is now.

Anyone who has traveled abroad knows the pleasure which comes to the wheelman, as he travels over the compact and evenly constructed roads of England and the continent. While they are immeasurably behind us in everything which pertains to agriculture, they do have splendid roads.

You know the German people as a nation are very thrifty. They don't allow much waste in any quarter. Along their public highways are planted different varieties of fruit trees—pears, apples, plums, etc.—grown in one or two rows on each side of the road. How beautiful those roads are! The trees produce shade, which takes away that glitter and glare, as well as softens the heat, which make our gravel roads very disagreeable to travel on during the hot months.

In many quarters of our country maple or walnuts have been planted for miles along the public roads, and how welcome such a stretch of road is to the traveler, and how inviting it must be to the hot and weary horse. If it were only for the shade, trees should be planted along every main highway But wherever we can combine utility with beauty and comfort we should do it; so why not plant the more thrifty fruit trees along our public roads?—Farm and Fireside.

Limestone as Top Dressing.

Limestone was formerly regarded as one of the best rocks for top dressing and it has been exclusively used for such purposes; it has, however, proved very unsatisfactory in the long run, and in many parts of the country limestone macadamized roads are being taken up and reconstructed of more satisfactory materials. The rock wears easily into an impalpable powder when dry and forms a sticky paste when wet. Hard limestone makes an excellent roadbed but should never be used for surface dressing. There is a temptation to use limestone for such purposes because they are easily broken and pack readily on account of their friability, but they wear out with equal readiness and soon require repairing. —John C. Branner, State Geologist, Arkansas.

Wouldn't You?

If I were a mule
And some blame fool
Would dare to lash me through
A "dead tough" road,
With a great big load,
I'll tell you what I'd do:
I wouldn't crow,
But I'd just lie low
And keep most mighty "mum"
Till I got a chance
When I'd kick his pants
Clear into the kingdom come.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

PEOPLE in large numbers, who wish to go into the business of fruit growing, are now looking toward the south for favorable localities. The localities are there.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

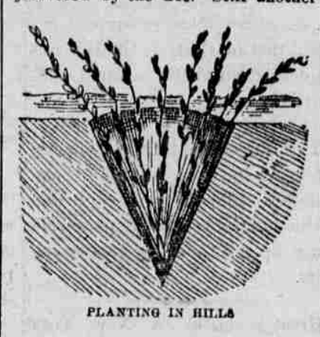
Much Depends Upon the Setting Out of the Rather Delicate Vines.

As in planting or setting out various other kinds of vines and plants, there seems to be no particular time when it is absolutely necessary to have the vines set out. The cranberry vine is very hardy, and will live, even with a good deal of hard usage. When a marsh has been prepared in one summer the owners frequently wait till the next spring before putting out the cranberry vines. From April till June is supposed to be the best time. Fall planting is practiced by some, but it is doubtful if there be much gain in this over waiting for the next spring. When only a part of the ground is to be planted, that part should be planted that is the highest, leaving the wetter portions for the work of spring.

There are various modes for transplanting the vines. One of these is called sod planting. The sods containing cranberry vines are taken from cranberry meadows and placed in the new marsh. This was one of the earliest plans, and doubtless originated from a desire not to disturb the roots of the plants. Very few planters now practice this method.

Hill planting is also practiced. One great advantage of hill planting over sod planting is that only clean vines are set out, where with the sod roots from other plants were necessarily propagated. The ground may be marked out by drills, two feet apart each way, and the vines put in where the drills intersect. One objection to this mode is that large bunches of vines have a tendency to dry up and become woody, thus seriously injuring the plantation. This difficulty induced some cultivators to adopt the expedient of planting in funnel-shaped holes, made by rotating a sharp stick or dibble; the vines are placed in these holes, and scattered around, so that when the center is filled with sand, they will be spread out, pointing in all directions. This method is illustrated by the accompanying cut. Dead bunches are thus avoided. Even this plan is less satisfactory than others, on account of the increased labor and consequent expense.

Another method is called drill planting. A furrow is turned by the plow, and the vines are scattered thinly along, only one in a place, being leaned up against the perpendicular and partly covered by the hoe. Still another



PLANTING IN HILLS

mode is to scatter the vines over the meadow and cover them with an inch of sand. This gives a quick growth, but requires many vines and also a good deal of sand.

Some people sow what they call cuttings. They run the vines through a hay cutter, cutting them into lengths about one inch long. These they sow broadcast and harrow in.

Until the vines are matted keep the land well drained, as the plants do not thrive on wet land. When properly drained a good meadow will become matted in three years, though some plantations take longer than that on account of the land being too wet. For two or three years after putting out the vines the land should be kept free from weeds, and the cranberry plants given undisputed possession. During the first year a hoe may be used, but after that the grass must be pulled by hand to avoid loosening the runners that are rooted in the soil. This should be done in August, before the weeds go to seed.

Though drainage is required to obtain a growth of vines, after the mat is completed there are certain times when considerable moisture is necessary to insure a good crop. Sometimes droughts blast a great many of the blossoms, which is prevented if enough moisture can be supplied to the crop to insure full development. Again, where the soil can be made moist, the late-formed berries will grow up to full size. But where irrigation is resorted to, care must be taken to lower the water in the ditches by the middle of August, that the vines may be enabled to make a good fall growth. If this be not done the crop of the coming year may be seriously damaged. The fruit buds are formed in the fall, and are visible at the ends of the new growth on the upright branches. All plantations require flooding every winter.—Farmers' Review.

Swine and the Dairy Cow.

According to a Paris correspondent, the trend of opinion in the French county councils is to the effect that there is danger of the creamery being overdone, and that in the organization of regional creameries there should be an annex for curing bacon and hams. Speaking of this, the homestead says the two industries fit together admirably, the bi-product of one being a splendid raw material for the production of the other, especially in the earlier stages of its production. Swine and the dairy cow go together well, and we look forward to the time when creameries will run the two in connection—with sufficient distance between the two plants, we hope, so that the odors of one and the aroma of the other may not mingle—just as distilleries now find it profitable to feed cattle.

Seeds of the Mushroom.

The spores (seeds), composed of a two-coated cell, are borne on the gills or tubes under the cap. One plant often produces ten million spores. To see these tiny spores you must cut the top of a toadstool off and lay it right side up on a sheet of black paper. After a few hours, remove it carefully, and a exact representation of its shape will remain on the paper, formed by the thousands of spores which have fallen out. If the spores fall on favorable soil, they germinate and send out great numbers of tiny threads. These, becoming intertwined and woven together, cover the ground like the finest web, and this is known as the mycelium, or "spawn." The threads absorb nourishment and carry it to the quickened spore.—Margaret W. Leighton, in St. Nicholas.

No Antidote for Snake Bites.

The annual death roll in India due to snakebite is of such serious dimentions that the government has for many years done what it could to arrest the scourge. The reward for snakes' heads may be said to have failed, for there is more than a suspicion that the wily natives have been breeding snakes for the sole purpose of decapitation. Antidotes have also failed, although the virtues of one or the other remedy have been from time to time believed in and extoled. Among the more recent of these have been strychnine, permanganate of potash, and gold chloride. These remedies have recently formed the subject of experiments by chemists acting for the government of India, with almost negative results. It is true that both the potash and the gold salt in attenuated solutions, when mingled with snake venom previous to injection into an animal, render the poison inert, but neither remedy has any effect when injected after the entrance of the venom. Neither of them can, therefore, be regarded as an antidote. —Chambers' Journal.

SHE—"It can never be. All I can promise you is a mere acquaintanceship." He—"Then accept my offer of marriage. It will drift into mere acquaintanceship fast enough."—Indianapolis Journal.

HOST—"Never shall I forget the time when I first drew this sword." Chorus—"When was that?" Host—"At a raffle."—Firefly.

"YOU'RE writing a novel with a purpose, I believe?" "Oh, yes." "What is it?" "To sell."—Chicago Record.

JARRING interests o' themselves create the according music of a well-mixed state. —Pope.

"JONES seemed to be awfully mad when I overtook him this morning." "What's the matter, I wonder?" "Why, you see, I had the faster horse."—Chicago Tribune.

HE—"Why do you refuse me when I say I can't live without you?" She—"You have aroused my curiosity."—Detroit Tribune.

"DE only t'ing," said Uncle Eben, "dat some men nebber gits 'scouraged ober am tryin' ter lib wifout wuh'kin'."—Exchange.

NELLIE—"Look at those pretty cows!" Maudie—"They are not cows; they are calves." Nellie—"But what is the difference?" Maudie—"Why cows give milk, and calves give jelly."

LOVE'S LOCAL OPTION.—"Drink to me only with thine eyes."—Punch.

"DO YOU think the senator had any presidential aspirations?" "Certainly not; he's ready to state his views on every public question."—Detroit News.

SOME grief shows much of love; but much of grief shows still some want of wit.—Shakespeare.

GAYBOY (who has presented a rhinestone ring)—"Is your love for me genuine?" Miss Caustic—"As genuine as the ring you gave me." Gayboy—"Au revoir."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MARY had a little lamb,
The lamb was very tough.
Under the circumstances
A little was enough.
—Detroit Tribune.

A TRUE FRIEND.—Miss Withers—"What would you do if I should refuse you?" He—"I'd see if I couldn't find some other fellow who would be willing to marry you."—Life.

TEN THOUSAND harms more than the ills we know, our idleness doth hatch.—Shakespeare.

TEACHER—"Tommy, can you tell me where Napoleon was born?" Tommy—"Why, a Corsican."

ALTHOUGH she had a gift, as people said,
A generous gift of song from Nature free,
Her dear papa with rage fell nearly dead
At finding each short lesson cost a V.
—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"COME back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"My daughter! oh, my daughter!"
But she sat hid behind her sleeves,
And hopelessly he sought her.
—Philadelphia Press.

HE—"A fellow called me a donkey the other day." She—"Didn't you feel like kicking him?"—Detroit Free Press.

"A FIT husband for my daughter! Why, in the first place, she is half a head taller than you." "Well, sir, I don't expect to be so short after I am married."—Life.

SPACE—"What became of that story you were working on—the one that you said would be immortal?" Weekwage—"The editor killed it."—Indianapolis Journal.

MAN and wife were formerly one. The new idea is to make them two men.—Atchison Globe.

HE—"I'd like a flower in my coat when I go." She—"I'll put it in now."—Life.

IGNORANCE is less removed from the truth than prejudice—Diderot.

AN inference.—"Accidents will happen!" "What have you done?"